

Paraphrase

THE
Justice of PEACE:

Or a Vindication of

PEACE

FROM

Several Late PAMPHLETS, Written
by Mr. Congreve, Dennis, &c.

In Doggrel Verse

Written at the Request of a YOUNG LADY, and
DEDICATED to her.

By a POET.

I'll own, that you write better than I do,
But I have as much need to write as you:
What tho the Excrements of my dull Brain
Flow in a harsh and an insipid Strain;
While your Rich Head eases itself of Wit?
Must none but Civet-Cats have leave to Sneeze?

Reb. 17

LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1697.

THE
Justice of PEACE:

OF A Vindication of
PEACE

FROM
Several Late Pamphlets & Vindictive
by Mr. Congreve, 1704, &c.
In Dogmat Verba

WHICH ARE HERE REPRINTED & TO WHICH ARE ADDED
DEDICATED TO MR.

By a Poet.
I know, that you write better than I do,
But I have as much need to write as you
What this is a Experiments of my dull Brain
How is a Poet and an angry Spirit
Why some with Head calls in Wit or Wit
And some with Quill calls in Wit or Wit
And some with Quill calls in Wit or Wit

LONDON, Printed by J. Knapton, 1704.

P O E M

On the P E A C E.

Dedicated to a Young L A D Y.

ASSIST me Muse, who oft has been
 Kind Midwife to my Teeming Brain;
 Who to its Pangs no sooner didst
 Apply thy gentle Artful Fist,
 But out came Bantling, Scan'd by Finger,
 And soon as Born turn'd Ballad-singer;
 And as 'twould crack its tender Weazon,
 In Rhyme 'gan Squawling without Reason.
 Assist me Muse in this last Issue,
 For which may ever Gown of Tissue

A

Grace

Grace thy fair Corps, and double Nancy

Will *Helicon* to inspire thy Fancy:

And Thou, First-Cousin to the *Nine*,

In whom both Wit and Beauty shine,

Bright *Nymph*, my Land Inspiring Guide,

Oh, sit down gently by my Side;

Make tuneful *Crambo* thy Pastime,

And help thy Slave to pump for Rhyme;

That in lewd Doggerel I may fall at

Making of Peeces, to quaine a Ballad,

That may, as Simple as my Pen,

Congress our Rhyme, and our Rage Demit.

Instead of saying what we want,

One Banter us with rambling Cant,

Talks of deep *Pindar's* sounding Lyre,

Of Rapture, *Fury*, Flame and Fire.

For which many ever Gown of Tulle

Grace

But I shan't *Moses* filch, nor *Pinders*,
 Since nought my honest Heart can hinder,
 But in a plain unborrow'd Dress,
 I'll treat of nothing but *meek Peace*.

Great *Nassau* with his Red-coat Rabble
 Has put an end to *Europe's* Squabble,
 Bid Bloody Kings no more to Bristle,
 But making *Peace*, I go home and Whistle;
 Bid 'em bright Armour no more perk in,
 Or else egad he'd Thresh their Jerkin,
 So have I seen two Punks call Names,
 Till Wars engage the bloody Dames,
 With their loud Tongues they beat Alarms,
 And whet their Talons into Arms;

Then

Then by the Ears fall both a tugging,
 As if good Ears were made for Lugging:
 Till some Grave Baud, with goodly Mein,
 A Peaceful Umpire goes between;
 Bids 'em leave off their shameful Pother,
 And shoves this one way, that another:
 Then both to Articles agree,
 And to the Marron Thanks decree;
 Who Shame prevented they ne'er wist on,
 And sav'd a Sea of Blood right Christian.

Now Peace restores our former Treasure,
 Each Sex may drown themselves in Pleasure;
 The Men shan't pale for want of Red look;
 Nor Green-sick Damsels whine for Wedlock

Rejoyce

Rejoice ye merry Drinking Souls, then
 Let Wings fly round in busy Bowls
 The Winners empty for their Vitals
 Who ear it while draining our Pockets quins all;
 (For Red, like Cordill Sack of Tort,
 We paid, at least Ticks dear on Score)
 Ask but one Shilling for a Bottle,
 And then that two will buy a Potde,
 Is not unknown to him at all
 Who's vers'd in sequel Logical.
 Now Taverns shan't be left in Lurches,
 But Sweat like squeezed Dissenting Churches.
 Poor younger Brothers (who last Season
 If one bless'd Night they Soak'd their Weason,
 Were forc'd upon themselves to Entail
 A long Week's Lent, or live on Ale.)

What

What Comfort ~~could~~ to them affords,
 Who now can get as Drunk as Lords
 What Christian Soul would not be willing
 To be well Fuddled for a Shilling?
 Now Small-~~beet~~ ~~Beet~~ ~~Beet~~ (whose sick Rhymes
 Shew they're as fat as the Merry Times,
 When Wine & Groggins did infuse,
 And every Boute was a Muse)
 As poor as are *Parnassus's* rents,
 In God-like ~~How~~ can spend some pence,
 Inspir'd thus, on Conquering Kings
 They'll say a great many fine things;
 And ~~Gull~~ ~~Clara~~ hopes to see her name
 Edg'd in with curious *Anagram*.
 Ever I, least of the Rhyming Crew,
 Do all this Stuff to Clara owe;

No

Am.

Am able to get soundly Drunk,
 And in lewd Sonnet praise a Bunk
 And yet who catch Maribell with your Gem
 Whether good Wives or daintie Virgins,
 Shall be paid off your long Arrears,
 VVhich have been due these seven Years.
 No more shall needy Cit refuse
 Benevolence to his craving Spouse,
 For fear a costly Bras should hap
 To spend his Rents in Plumbs and Pap.
 No more shall tender Maids make Dittie,
 (VVhom I with all my Soul do pity)
 Or tell their Grievance at St. Stephen's,
 That Marriage goes at Six and Sevens;

No

No more shall they intreat both Houses
 To grant them a supply of Spouses;
 Husbands shall come as fast as Hops,
 And Bride-beds swarm with Fools and Fops.
 No more shall pining Wenchies Languish,
 Or Pipes and Cinders eat in Anguish.

Coffers and Chests begin to fill,
 And Money whisks round like a Wheel;
 Where all that are Distress'd and Broken,
 May now have leave to put a Spoke in.
 No more shall Christian People bicker
 'Bout wicked Bills of Bank or Chequer;
 No more shall deal in Paper Trash,
 Or take a Stick for ready Cash.

Nor will we *Lombard-Smiths* intreat
 They'd please their humble Trouts to Cheat;
 And send us lightly-laden home,
 With half of the too heavy Summ.
 Chink shall no more be a coy Coquet,
 But Grace of God fill ev'ry Pocket.

The publick Grievance of the Nation,
Taxes, shall quite grow out of Fashion;
Assessors shall leave off to Hectors,
 Nor such a Name be as *Collector*.
 Tough Country Louts their Beer shall pull up,
 Nor Curse the King at every Gullup;
 Since Rural *Ads* are as free from Tax,
 As Rural Lasses from the Pox.

How

How merry will be *now dear Honey*,
 Now he pays nought for Matrimony?
 For sure no Tax needs be impos'd
 On those who are in Wedlock Noos'd;
 'Tis dear enough to buy House—Riot,
 VVith sale of Liberty and Quiet
 And when *Dear Duck* is fetch'd away,
 'Twill sure his Sorrow much allay,
 To hear how moderate the *Rate* is,
 That he may have a *Pit-hole Gratis*.

How will the King's Liege Folks rejoice,
 To see again his roaring Boys?
 VVhile our dear Army was in *Flanders*,
 And ran the risque of forty Dangers;

We Mourn'd and Pray'd, and took our *Beads* all,
 For fear a Hair shou'd from their *Heads* fall.
 Now they're escap'd from Bombs and *Billows*,
 And live at home like honest *Fellows*.
 By God's great blessing they're come over
 Our *Hen-roofs* to Protect and Cover;
 In *Winters* Bleak and *Summers* *Sultry*
 From dirty *Thieves* to keep our *Poultry*.
 How will the *Idle Rake* hells roan on
Sail'sbury Plain or *Hounslow Common*?
 How proudly weild their *Blades* right *Trusty*,
 Or mount their *Muskets* now grown *Rusty*?
 Their *blustering Looks* and *huffing State*.
 Will envy through the *World* create,
 To see how *England* can with ease
 Such *standing Bulhes* keep in *Peace*.

What

What need I tell you, in Great Britain
 What Happiness each Soul will light on?
 No more shall wicked Lay-Men bilk
 Their Teacher of Tithe-Eggs and Milk,
 Quacks shall see glittering Fees come thick,
 Now Folks have Money to be sick.
 Loud Lawyers, who for means of Living
 With one another fell a striving,
 Will now set others by the Ears
 And plead good Neighbours into Jars.
 Secure the Merchant plows the Main,
 From distant Climates reaps his Gain;
 Sends Spouse at home rich Silk and Jewel,
 Which for her kind Gallant won't do ill.
 Pimps, Whores and Bawds, and all the Throng
 That Life and Pleasure does prolong,

To

To Flourish as of old, begin. I have said W
 Now we've nought else to do but Sing. I have said W

O Lewis, thanks to thee we doom
 For all past Favours and to come;
 What Grape, though of *Most Christian Race*,
 Is good enough thy Health to Grace?
 Since thou'lt been pleas'd to give us *Peace*,
 Consult our *Luxury* and *Ease*.
 Send thy good *Breeding* unto *White-Hall*,
 And to our *Cellars* thy *Wine* quite all;
 Thy *Privateers* to *English Saylor*,
 And *Shoulder-Knots* to *London Taylors*.
 Send what e'er shall thy goodness please;
 Send us all *France* — but not *Disease*.

F I N I S.